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JUST IN TIME.

## TALE OF A DETECTIVE.

PART II.

"Oh, ho!" said I, as soon as my friend Softly had disappeared; "so it was you, Mr. Soak, was it, whose voice I heard in the wood with the butler? Come, come! the plot begins to thicken." I strolled into the village again, and passed the Winter Arms. Mr. Soak was sitting on a bench with his back

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against the wall of his house, a pipe in his mouth, and a jug of ale on the table before him. I entered into conversation with him, but he was not very sociably inclined; he gave me rather short answers, and so I did not think it expedient to touch upon the robbery. "I'll bide my time," thinks I; "it won't do to hurry matters." I had, almost immediately after my arrival at Northcourt, struck up an acquaintance with Sarah the under housemaid.

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She had, it will be remembered, been the first to discover the burglary, and had also found the Softlys bound hand and foot in their bed.

Sarah was a stout, rosy-cheeked girl, of about eighteen years, full of frolic and fun in general, but occasionally visited with musing fits, which seemed to me unnatural for one of her age and spirits. We soon became great friends. I talked to her frequently about the late robbery, and very soon satisfied myself that she knew more than she chose to tell, for she was too young to be able to keep a secret from one so accustomed to worm them out as myself. I cross-questioned her a good deal, though with apparent indifference, as to the state in which she found Softly and his wife—whether they were red in the face, or black in the face, whether they complained of being in pain, which was tied the tightest; and, as I expected, she grew confused and red, and contradicted herself several times; it was quite evident that she had never been cross-examined on the subject before. Why the authorities had taken it for granted that her statements were all true, and why they never suspected the possibility of deception on her part, it would be hard to say. It seemed clear to me that she had been repeating a lesson, which some of my questions had confused, and had caused her to trip and stumble somewhat. For instance, I asked her whether she found the Softlys' door locked or unlocked. She said "unlocked."

"It is very odd it should have been so," I remarked; "one would have thought that the burglars, such finished workmen as they appeared to have been, would have known their business better than to leave the door unlocked; a turn of the key would have been very little trouble, and would have prevented either Softly or his wife from getting out of the room, even if they had got their hands and legs free: time was, of course, a great object with the robbers."

"Oh yes, to be sure!" said poor Sarah, "how ever could I make such a mistake? The door *was* locked, sir, of course. I remember turning the key now, and wondering why it was locked." I looked at her as she said this: her face was scarlet. I quite pitied the poor girl as she remarked that "she had made a mistake"—"*in her lesson*," she might have added.

I then talked to her of the wickedness of the deed, and how every one implicated in it would be punished when they were caught, which, sooner or later, they would surely be; "even those," I said, "who know of the robbery and conceal it will be as severely dealt with as the actual perpetrators, unless they have the honesty and good sense to come forward and make a clean breast of it: in that case, I doubted not, that any one who had no hand in the actual robbery would be forgiven. Sarah listened to all this attentively, and she fidgeted about, and seemed frightened and uneasy in her mind, but she never made any answer. Once or twice I thought she really was going to confess all. She told me she had something to say to me, something about which she wanted to ask my advice; but she never got any further. After trying to make me promise not to breathe it to

any one—which promise of course I managed to evade—she would burst out crying, and say she could not tell me! and then it was in vain attempting to get anything out of her; I felt satisfied that she was an accomplice in the robbery, though to what extent I could not guess. I had no doubt she had been bribed, probably with a new dress, to assist in some minor way, and I was really anxious to get her to confess, for I liked and pitied the girl. I was sure she was not naturally dishonest; and I had no doubt that even in this business she had been imposed on, and had not been told the extent and magnitude of the crime in which she had been implicated, and from which I felt certain she would gladly release herself if she dared.

Of course, upon such strong suspicions I was authorised to arrest her, and I had little doubt but that, in her terror, she would have disclosed all; but then she certainly did not know where the plate had been taken to, and I wanted to get *that*, as well as the burglars.

The moment she was arrested, the plate would have gone into the fire, and that was exactly what I wished to avoid. At present I felt pretty sure that it was still plate, and safely packed somewhere or other, ready for a start to Australia. So I kept the arresting of Sarah as a last resource, determined to act upon that if all other means failed. The time was now drawing nigh when the Softlys would leave Northcourt. I had become on very friendly terms with Softly, and had accompanied him more than once to the Winter Arms, and drank a glass of brandy and water with him. Brandy I discovered to be the particular liquor favoured by Mr. Softly. It was strange that this man could rob his master of £2000 worth of plate, and yet not drink his brandy; he might have done so, I am convinced, with perfect impunity, for the keys of the cellar, as well as of the plate-chest too were in his keeping; but no, he never did; a glass or two of sherry or port now and then, just the end or the beginning of the bottles, that was the extent of his depredations, as far as I ever saw. I used to frequent the Winter Arms chiefly for the purpose of getting on friendly terms with Mr. Soak, but I never succeeded; that worthy regarded me with eyes of suspicion up to the last moment of my stay at Northcourt; he was a very cunning fellow, and a difficult customer to manage. If ever I ventured an observation about the burglary in his presence, his eyes were upon me in an instant; he watched me as a cat would watch a mouse, ready to spring on me if I had said a word to justify his suspicions. I was therefore obliged to be very cautious: not that I was afraid of the man, but I was afraid of his finding out my true character.

Softly had been very busy packing several large trunks and chests ready for his start to the other side of the globe, and he had asked me to help him, which of course I did. It amused me very much to see the display of honesty he made; he over-did it, of course: those sort of people always do, and instead of allaying, he confirmed my previous suspicions or rather conviction of his roguery.

He had not only ostentatiously paraded before my eyes every single thing he put into his boxes, but he even went the length of unpacking one large chest, under the pretence that it was badly packed; and more than that, when they were all finished and corded, and we sat down and wiped our brows, for it had been hard work, he said, "There! you're witness that I've nothing in any of these boxes that don't belong to me, Hunt! One doesn't like to leave a house so soon after a robbery has been committed with a suspicion on one's character, you know, though master would as soon suspect, I don't know who, as me!—his own wife almost."

"Oh you precious rascal! to abuse such trust and confidence," I thought.

My bed-room was at the end of a long passage, and immediately facing my door were the stairs leading up to the maids' rooms. On the first landing, in a small room, slept Sarah: why an under housemaid should have a room to herself, when the upper housemaid shared hers with the upper laundry-maid, was in itself a suspicious circumstance, at least so it appeared to me. I asked Sarah the reason one day, and she was again suffused with blushes, and stammered out something about "Mary—house—and the laundry-maid being cousins, and so they wished to share their room." Next to Sarah's room was a housemaid's closet, where pails, brushes, mops, brooms, and all sorts of things were kept; it was a very narrow, dark, deep closet, and had evidently been taken off Sarah's room, from which it was divided merely by a lath and plaster partition; so thin at the end of the closet, that I had little difficulty in making a hole with my knife, sufficiently large to enable me to see into the room. I had examined it one day when Sarah was, I knew, engaged elsewhere, and had observed that in one corner the paper was torn and ragged: it was accordingly exactly behind that spot that I made my incision, one piece of torn paper more or less not being likely to be discovered.

For many nights I passed hours in that closet, but neither heard nor saw anything to repay me for my trouble; but still I persevered, for I felt sure that some one would pay Sarah a visit before long. I had overheard Mrs. Softly whispering to Sarah; I had come suddenly upon them once or twice when they were evidently holding very secret and confidential communication, and felt pretty certain that these interrupted conversations would have to be finished at some future time, and no time so likely as the dead of night. I was satisfied that my exhortations to Sarah about the wickedness of the robbery had not been thrown away; neither had my assertions regarding the punishment which would sooner or later overtake the burglars and all connected with them. She several times referred to that, and also to the probability of forgiveness which any one, not the actual perpetrator of the robbery, might obtain: by this I could see that she repented of her part, whatever it was, in the transaction, and no doubt this repentance had been noticed by the Softlys, who would naturally be both averse to, and alarmed at it, and would do all they could to bring back her mind to their way of thinking on the subject. That this was the cause of their frequent conferences I was

pretty sure, from several words which I had caught at different times addressed to Sarah, both by Softly and his wife.

I may as well say here, that although I watched Softly and Soak as closely as possible, and used my utmost endeavours to circumvent them, to entrap one or the other into some sort of an admission by way of a thread to catch hold of, however tangled a skein it might be, to guide me in my search, I never could overhear but one word likely to be of the slightest service to me: that word was "Hardy."

I had been feigning sleep, as I frequently did, when in company with those two worthies; my arms were on the table, and my head on my arms. Softly and Soak had been whispering together for about ten minutes, and I was straining every nerve to hear what they were saying, but in vain; when Softly said rather louder than usual, "What name did you say?"—"Hardy," replied Soak, "but hold your tongue, can't you!"

He did hold his tongue, or at all events he modulated it below my power of hearing, and I thought very little of my grand discovery; it wasn't likely that Hardy would help me to get back Mr. Winter's plate. Much I thought, but, according to the habits of a detective, I took a note of the name the moment I was alone.

And now the Softlys had only two more nights to spend at Northcourt. I was in my usual place at midnight, although I began to think myself a great blockhead for passing so many hours to no purpose in that dark uncomfortable closet: still, there I was, and after remaining an hour, I began seriously to think of going to bed, and of giving up these nightly vigils; but upon second thoughts I determined to stay where I was. "Only two more nights of it, the two most likely nights, too! no, I won't give it up," I said to myself; and scarcely had I said so, when I thought I heard a board creak on the stairs; breathlessly I listened, my flagging energies all alive in a moment; in a few seconds there was another creak—then another—but no sound of a footstep; the person coming had no shoes on, I was sure of that. Presently I heard a hand upon the door of the closet in which I was; the handle turned—the door was opened—it was pitch dark, and I could see nothing.

"Sarah! Sarah!" whispered a voice I well knew. Footsteps now advanced into the closet; nearer and nearer they drew to me, when suddenly down clattered a mop, or a broom, on the top of a tin hip-bath, which I knew of old, and always gave a wide berth to when I entered my hiding-place.

"Dear me! oh! whatever is that?" cried terrified Mrs. Softly.

I heard Sarah's door open, and immediately after, her voice was at the door of the closet. "Mrs. Softly, you have gone wrong," she said; "this way; give me your hand, you've got into the closet."

And then I heard footsteps retreating, and presently a light was struck in Sarah's room, and I looked through my chink, and there were Sarah and Mrs. Softly sitting on the bed, not five feet

from my look-out. It would unnecessarily lengthen this (I fear) already too long story, were I to relate all I saw and heard through the hole in the wall; I will, therefore, briefly state that Mrs. Softly counted out five-and-twenty sovereigns on the bed. "There," she said; "now Sarah, you and Tom Dark can marry as soon as you please. And as for the plate, why what great matter is it to master, a few bits of silver more or less, rich as he is? he'll soon get more in its stead; but you, if you was such a fool as to let this opportunity slip by, might wait long enough before you could get five-and-twenty sovereigns together; and as for Tom Dark, he'd get tired of waiting, and no blame to him either."

With such talk the artful woman combated all Sarah's scruples, laughing at them, at her, and at the robbery itself, which she treated as a capital stroke of cunning and ingenuity—making all their fortunes and hurting no one. Her strongest weapon, however, was Tom Dark: she worked him well and effectually; it was evident that Sarah was much attached to him, and that, but for him, she would neither have entered into the conspiracy at first, nor have kept to it then; but her love, aided by cunning Mrs. Softly's sophistry, carried the day. She took the twenty-five pounds, which sum was ten pounds more than had been originally promised her, (it was easy to understand why the bribe was increased,) and promised secrecy as to the robbery, now and for ever. I could plainly see that her better feelings rebelled against what she was doing; but her love for Tom Dark was too strong for her honesty—and she fell.

With regard to the plate itself, the only clue to its existence I got hold of, was a promise on Mrs. Softly's part that the two or three old racing and coursing cups, which Sarah pleaded for, knowing how much Mr. Winter valued them, should be returned; of course I knew they would not be, but I believed in their existence, feeling sure that, had they gone through the fire, Mrs. Softly would at once have said so, as that would have relieved her from the necessity of a useless falsehood. After more than an hour's conversation, the house-keeper crept silently away, and I stole off to my room.

Nothing further occurred at Northcourt. The morning of the Softlys' departure arrived. I accompanied them to London, having, I told Softly, some business there. He seemed at first averse to the arrangement, I thought, though he said nothing; but he very soon got over any feeling of the sort, and indeed, several times on our way up, said how glad he was that I was with them; it broke the parting, (the hypocrite,) having some one with them whom they knew, and hoped that I would come on board "The Caroline" and see them off; they were to sail that afternoon at five o'clock.

I promised to be there in time—a promise I was not very likely to break. We parted at the station. The Softlys had a good deal to do—things to buy, and people to part from: they should not be on board before four o'clock, they said. It was then half-past eleven.

The moment they left me, I took a cab, and

drove to Scotland Yard. I saw my chief for five minutes, told him that I hoped before night to be able to report good news, and applied for an assistant.

My chief asked no questions, only smiled, and said, "Certainly, take any one you please." I accordingly chose a steady, un-policeman looking young man of the name of Tough, and started for Blackwall, where "The Caroline" was lying.

The moment we arrived on board, I asked for the captain; unfortunately he was on shore, and not expected back till near the time of sailing, but the first mate was at my service; I had rather have spoken with the captain, but there was no alternative. I told the mate who I was, and what was my mission (having first bound him to secrecy). I then asked for a list of his freight, with the names of those at Melbourne to whom boxes were directed or consigned. After some little delay I obtained this list, but the name I looked for was not there.

I then spoke to the steward: "Had any boxes belonging to the passengers arrived on board yet?"

"Oh yes, a good many."

"Have any arrived for Mr. or Mrs. Softly?"

"No, none."

"They have a cabin to themselves, of course?"

"Oh yes, certainly, one of the best."

I would go and see it.

I went below, and the very first thing my eyes lighted on, as the steward showed me into the cabin, was a large chest. I walked up to it, and looked at the direction:—

"Mr. Hardy,  
Melbourne."

"Favoured by }  
Mr. Softly." }

A smile of triumph rose to my lips. Here it was at last! I had run my game to earth, sure enough.

"I thought you told me that nothing had come on board for Mr. Softly?" I said to the steward.

"I had forgotten this box, sir; it came on board late last night, after I was gone to bed; I was told of it this morning, but forgot all about it."

I saw that the man was speaking the truth. I tried to lift the chest, but couldn't move it with my utmost strength.

Quite satisfied, I left the cabin, and went upon deck.

Of course I did not leave the ship again. About four o'clock the captain came on board. I immediately told him my name and business, and the discovery I had made. He promptly offered me every assistance in his power towards capturing the Softlys. "All I want you to do," I replied, "is simply this: the moment the Softlys come on board, before they have time to go below, say out loud: 'A chest has come on board directed to "Mr. Hardy, Melbourne," favoured by some one—does it belong to any one here?' say that, captain, if you please, and leave the rest to me."

He promised he would do so. We had scarcely done speaking, when the Softlys appeared, with a boat full of luggage.



Mrs. Softly came up the side first, her husband following close; the instant his foot touched the deck, the captain spoke. "Does any one here own a chest, directed to 'Mr. Hardy, Melbourne?'"

"Yes, I do; where is it?" said Softly quickly.

"In your cabin, sir," replied the captain.

"Oh, it's all right, it belongs to me, that is to say, it is in my care." So saying, he went below, his wife staying on deck to see their luggage safe out of the boat. I beckoned to Tough and followed Softly. I opened the door of his cabin, and walked in: he was standing before the chest, looking at it with a very well satisfied smile on his countenance, which he was destined soon to lose. He started on seeing me; but, recovering himself in a moment: "Ah, Hunt!" he said, "come to have a look at our cabin? not a very grand affair; not so big as the pantry at Northcourt; but it will serve our turn, I dare say: why, what now?"

I placed my hand on his shoulder. "Mr. Softly, you are my prisoner; that chest contains Mr. Winter's plate."

He turned deadly pale, but spoke not a word. At that moment Tough entered, and, at a sign from me, slipped the handcuffs on. At the touch of the cold iron, Softly started and shrunk back; but resistance was useless, and he felt it to be so. Utterly dejected and cowed, he sank upon the chest, and covering his face with his hands, he sobbed aloud. He was a poor, pitiful, cowardly rogue.

Little more remains to be told. Softly and his wife were placed in safe custody, and I returned to Northcourt that night, taking Tough with me. Immediately upon my arrival I arrested Soak, and, very much against my will, poor Sarah."

Mr. Winter was thunderstruck when I told him that I had discovered the burglars, and who they were. The ingratitude of Softly and his wife affected him far more than the loss of the plate had done.

Sarah was allowed to turn Queen's evidence against the rest, though without any promise of pardon. Her statement of the burglary was as follows. The plate was all taken, she believed, to the "Winter Arms" in the first place; where it went to afterwards she never knew. When it was all removed, Softly and Soak took out the pane of glass in the dining-room; Soak then tied and gagged the Softlys, she (Sarah) assisting him. When this was done, it was time for her to begin her day's work; accordingly, she went down-stairs, saw the pane of glass out of the dining-room window, and gave the alarm, as previously agreed on. The rest is known.

On searching the "Winter Arms," several pieces of the missing plate were discovered.

The evidence against all the prisoners was conclusive. The two Softlys and Soak were transported for life. Sarah was pardoned, as much in consideration of her artless and simple character, which had been so shamefully imposed upon by her wicked and unscrupulous fellow-servants, as on account of the important evidence she had given.

Nearly ten years after the events above recorded,

I received a letter, dated Toronto, Upper Canada, and signed "Sarah Dark." It was, I may say, a beautiful letter. The writer began by thanking me for my kindness to her when at Northcourt, and for my endeavours to persuade her to do what was right. She said that she had been on the point of confessing all to me a hundred times, but that her love for Tom Dark had prevented her; she would, had she confessed, have been obliged to give up the twenty-five guineas bribe, and then she could not have married him.

"But," she went on to say, "I have learnt that one must not do evil that good may come of it—for good never will come of it." And then she said that, although pardoned by the judge, she could never pardon herself, and that her shame was so great that she could not remain in her own country, and had told Tom Dark so; whereupon he, who still loved her in spite of her wickedness, had proposed marrying at once and emigrating. Her family and friends all looked coldly on her: she had no chance of getting another situation: in short, she consented, and a month after the trial they were on the sea, bound for America.

For two or three years they had a hard struggle to live, but after that it pleased God, in his great mercy, to make them acquainted with the Rev. J. M——; of him, she declared, she could never speak or think without tears of love and gratitude filling her eyes.

He had found them almost destitute and despairing; for Tom was sick, and had been unable to earn a penny for several months past. "Mr. J. M—— visited us daily," she wrote, "after he first found us out. He relieved our temporal wants; but oh! Mr. Clutch, he did better, far better than that; he read the Bible to us, and explained it as I never had heard it explained before; and I was so miserable on account of my past sins, that one day I fell down on my knees as he was reading about the Prodigal Son, and I said, whilst my tears blinded and almost choked me, 'Oh, Mr. M——, I have sinned so dreadful,' and then I told him everything. Yes, Mr. Clutch, everything, I kept back nothing; and would you believe it, he cried too; he did indeed, and he said, 'Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.' I could not repeat that blessed passage then, Mr. Clutch, as glibly as I can now; but I have, through the kindness and patience of dear Mr. M—— been brought to a sense of my own sinful nature, and I now read the Bible daily; and Tom and I have now got over all our troubles, and he has plenty of work. I thought you would like to hear of our well-doing, and so I took the liberty to write to you.

"I return thanks on my bended knees every night for His great and undeserved mercies to me; and I never forget you in my prayers, Mr. Clutch, for it was you who first put my sin plainly before me, and made me wish to get rid of it."

It was, as I have said, a beautiful letter. I am not ashamed to own that it brought the tears into my eyes.

## NEW CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

## POVERTY.

"POVERTY! thou half-sister of death, thou cousin-german of hell, where shall I find force of execration equal to the amplitude of thy demerits?" Thus apostrophized the unhappy Burns; and he had ample cause, at the time, thus acutely to speak of poverty. In a letter, dated 7th of July, 1796, he writes to his friend Cunningham:—"When an exciseman is off duty,\* his salary is reduced to thirty-five pounds, instead of fifty. What way, in the name of thrift, shall I maintain myself, and keep a horse in country quarters—with a wife and five children at home—on thirty-five pounds? I mention this, because I had intended to beg your utmost interest, and that of all the friends you can muster, to move our commissioners of excise to grant me the full salary. If they do not grant it me, I must lay my account with an existence truly *en poëti*. If I die not of disease, I must perish with hunger."

In a letter to Dr. Laurence, dated 22nd of May, 1795, another very great writer alludes to his pecuniary difficulties:—"What I wrote was to discharge a debt I brought to my own and my son's memory, and those ought not to be considered as guilty of prodigality in giving me what is beyond my merits, but not beyond my debts, as you know. The public—I won't dispute longer about it—has overpaid me; I wish I could overpay creditors. They eat deep on what was designed to maintain me." It is possible that men, in their sympathy for "the fate of genius," as they may phrase it, may lament over the sight of a man like Edmund Burke, thus feeling the ordinary inconvenience of straitened circumstances. But it seems to me that genius, so far from having any claim to favour when it neglects the common precautions or exertions for securing independence, is doubly inexcusable, and far less deserving of pity than of blame. Burke ought to have earned his income in an honest calling. Every man of right feeling will prefer this to the degrading obligations of private friendship, or the precarious supplies, to virtue so perilous, of public munificence. He chose rather to eat "the bitter bread of both these bakings," than to taste the comely, the sweet, the exquisite fruit, however hard to pluck, of regular industry.

A lieutenant in the Royal Navy had written a political pamphlet, but, being called to his duty, was not able to see it through the press. He therefore placed it in the hands of a bookseller, desiring that he would give it to some literary man, who, for duly preparing it for publication, should have half the profits, if any. The worthy bookseller gave it to Mr. Cooke. The work was published, and the profits were thirty pounds. Cooke took his portion, and reserved the other half for the author. Many years elapsed; at length a gentleman called on Mr. Cooke, and declared himself to be the author of the pamphlet, telling him he

knew that fifteen pounds were due to him, and adding, he was ashamed to take it, but that "his poverty, and not his will" consented, as he had a wife and an increasing family. Cooke paid the money, and the stranger departed, expressing his gratitude. The necessitous author was the late Lord Erskine.

In 1780, Crabbe, buoyed up with the hope of bettering his fortunes by his verses, in London, adventured on the journey thither, with scarcely a friend or even acquaintance who could be useful to him, and with no more than three pounds in his pocket. This trifle being soon expended, the deepest distress awaited him. Of all hopes from literature he was speedily disabused; there was no imposing name to recommend his writings, and an attempt to bring out a volume himself, only involved him more deeply in difficulties. His poverty had become obvious to the persons with whom he resided, and no further indulgence could be expected from them; he had given a bill for a debt, which, if not paid within the following week, he was threatened with a prison. In this extremity of destitution, "inspired by some happy thought, in some fortunate moment," he ventured on an application to Burke. He had not the slightest knowledge of that gentleman, other than common fame bestowed; no introduction but his own letter, stating these circumstances; no recommendation, save his distress; but, in the words he used in the letter, "hearing that he was a good man, and presuming to think him a great one," he applied to him, and, as it proved, with a degree of success far beyond his most sanguine expectations. The young poet was established under his roof, at Beaconsfield: under his eye, "The Library" and "The Village" successively issued from the press; and Reynolds and Johnson, in a word, all Burke's intimate friends, partook of his interest in his *protégé*.

Under similar circumstances, Johann Gottlieb Fichte wrote a similar manly letter to Kant. In requesting the loan of a small sum of money, he offered, for security, and guarantee of subsequent payment, all that he had to give in such a case—his honour and integrity as a man. "I know no one," continued he, "except yourself, to whom I could offer this security, without fear of being laughed at to my face. It is my maxim never to ask anything from another, without having first of all examined whether I myself, were the circumstances inverted, would do the same thing for some one else. In the present case, I have found that, supposing I had it in my power, I would do this for any person whom I believed to be animated by the principles by which I know that I myself am now governed."

After the death of his wife, Wycherly became much reduced in worldly affairs and at length was thrown into the Fleet, where he languished during seven years, utterly forgotten by the gay and lively circle of which he had been a distinguished ornament. In the extremity of his distress, he implored the publisher, who had been enriched by the sale of some of his works, to lend him seventy pounds, and was refused.

\* He was then at Brow, sea-bathing quarters, in very bad health. Indeed, in fourteen days after its date, he was a corpse.

Stow, the antiquarian, suffered much in his old age from the ailments that attacked him, and also from poverty. In the very absoluteness of his need, the poor old man determined to apply for relief to the country for which he had done so much. He got the formal consent of James I that he might go "a-begging" through thirty-six counties. To this effect a paper was regularly drawn up, signed and sealed by the king, addressed to "all and singular, archbishops, bishops, deans, and their officials, parsons, vicars, curates, and to all spiritual persons; and also to all justices of the peace, mayors, sheriffs, bailiffs, churchwardens, etc." The reasons for the issue of this grant are stated in the preamble: that Stow, as a citizen of London, had, "for the good of the commonwealth and posterity to come, employed all his industry and labour to commit to the history of chronicles all such things worthy of remembrance as from time to time happened within his whole realm, for the space of five-and-forty years, besides his great pains and charge in making his book, called his 'Survey of London,' wherein he spent eight years in searching out of ancient records concerning antiquities both for London and Southwark." The grant concludes thus: "We wish and command you, and every of you, that at such time and times as the said John Stow, or his deputy, shall repair to any of your churches or other places, to ask and receive the charitable benevolence of our said subjects, quietly to permit and suffer them so to do; and you, the said parsons, etc., for the better stirring up of charitable devotion, deliberately to publish and declare the tenour of these letters patent unto our said subjects, exhorting them to extend their liberal contributions in so good and charitable a deed."

At times, the pecuniary affairs of William Penn were so deranged that he was afraid of his creditors. He contrived an aperture at his house in Norfolk Street, by which he could see any one at his door without being seen. A creditor having sent in his name, waited a long time for admission. "Will not your master see me?" said he at last, to the servant. "Friend," replied the domestic, "he has seen thee, but does not like thee."

On one occasion, when Mirabeau wanted cash, he wrote this letter to his father:—

"I'm neither bird, nor am I fish,  
Water or air is not my dish;  
Some money quickly is what I wish,  
My father Mirabeau."

To which his affectionate parent sent a reply:—

"Take either element you wish,  
Live with the birds, or with the fish;  
To prison you may straightway go,  
For what cares father Mirabeau."

Bishop Hall, during his latter days, suffered so much from poverty and harsh treatment, that they wrung from him a book of complaint, called "Hard Measure." At Bologna, in the University Library, is a manuscript of the "Images of Philostrates," in the handwriting of Michael Aspostolicus, a Greek refugee from Constantinople, bearing this inscription:—"The king of the poor of this world wrote this book for his bread." Ion Thorlakson, the translator of "Paradise Lost" into Icelandic,

composed the following lines, in allusion to his poverty: "Ever since I came into this world, I have been wedded to Poverty, who has now hugged me to her bosom these seventy winters save two; and whether we shall ever be separated here below is only known to Him who joined us together."\*

In the early part of his career as an author, Marmontel translated Pope's "Rape of the Lock" into French, and sold it to a publisher for about fifteen pounds. Upon this sum he assures us that he subsisted for eight months. This nearness of circumstance was as nothing compared to that of Ulrick Von Hutten, one of the greatest writers Germany has produced, and one of the harbingers of the Reformation. He was, during part of his life, in the greatest distress. He begged his way through the country, knocking at the doors of peasants' huts to beg a piece of bread and shelter, and when denied, as he too often was, he had to sleep on the bare ground. He died when he was only thirty-six years old, in a lamentable plight. Zuinglius says, that "he left nothing of the slightest value. He had no books, no furniture, except a pen." Almost equal to Von Hutten, at least in respect to poverty, was Saint Simon, the author of "The Reorganization of European Society," etc. The Frenchman was so "pinched by poverty," that during the whole of a severe winter he denied himself fuel, in the hope of being enabled to defray the expenses of publication; nay, he often endured the pangs of hunger. "For fifteen days," he writes, "I have lived upon bread and water, without a fire; I have even sold my clothes to defray the expenses of copying my work." One day his courage, resignation, and energy forsook him; he forgot his Creator, and attempted to terminate his life. He, however, recovered from the guilty attempt, and resumed his labours and his hopes. Tradition says that in Ben Jonson's last illness, King Charles sent him a small sum of money. "He sends me so miserable a donation," said the expiring satirist, "because I am poor and live in an alley; go back and tell him his soul lives in an alley." Ben told Drummond of Hawthornden that "the Irish having robbed Spenser's goods and burnt his house, and a little child new-born, he and his wife escaped; and after, he died for lack of bread in King Street, and refused twenty pieces sent to him by my lord of Essex, and said, 'He was sorry he had no time to spend them.'" Cotton was hunted from place to place by importunate creditors, and at length died by his own hand in a prison; and Otway is said to have been choked with a piece of bread which he devoured in the rage of hunger.† At Bristol, Richard Savage was arrested for a small debt, and being unable to find bail, was thrown into prison. He was soon afterwards taken ill, and his condition not enabling him to procure medical assistance, he was found dead in his bed.

\* I have used Dr. Henderson's translation. When the Doctor saw Thorlakson, the whole of his annual income from the parishes of Borgia and Backa did not exceed thirty-six dollars (about six pounds five shillings sterling), and even of this sum he had to give nearly one-half to a person who officiated for him in the latter parish.

† Whether this story be true or false, Otway was, beyond all doubt, miserably poor.

In Depping's "Reminiscences of a German's Life in Paris," I have found the following anecdote of Llorente, the enlightened, talented, and persecuted historiographer of the Inquisition: "Amongst the individuals whom chance threw into my way in Paris was Llorente. I frequently paid him a visit, and found him to be an extremely well-read scholar. On one occasion I met him in the street, early in the morning; upon asking him where he was coming from, he replied, "I hired myself last night to watch a dead man's body. How little did I dream, when a canon at Toledo, and a privy-counsellor in Madrid, that I should ever be forced to earn my daily bread by mounting guard over a defunct Parisian!" Soon after this occurrence, poor Llorente was ordered to leave France. He had scarcely regained his native soil, when he fell a prey to wretchedness and destitution.

During the latter years of his life, the poet Camôens was compelled to wander through the streets, a wretched dependent on casual contribution. One friend alone remained to smooth his downward path, and guide his steps to the grave with gentleness and consolation. It was Antonio, his slave, a native of Java, who had accompanied Camôens to Europe, after having rescued him from the waves, when shipwrecked at the mouth of the Mecon. This faithful attendant was wont to seek alms throughout Lisbon, and at night shared the produce of the day with his poor and broken-hearted master. But his friendship was employed in vain: Camôens sank beneath the pressure of penury and disease, and died in an almshouse.

## RAMBLES IN BRITTANY.

### PART II.

INSTEAD of keeping to my original plan of going on to Nantes, and thence to Vannes, I changed my route, on learning from competent judges that there was nothing specially worth seeing at the former place. I therefore hired one of the open carriages of the country, which are used in the few journeys taken by the better class of farmers. It was drawn by a very sturdy and handsome Breton horse, with a driver in so quaint a costume that he could not have failed to cause great entertainment in more civilized countries. I found him, however, very intelligent, and we got on very well together, during the two days we spent on the journey. The distance between the two places is fifty-seven English miles. For those anxious for a more rapid mode of proceeding, there is a diligence daily between Dinan and Vannes. Those to whom time is no object, I should advise to follow my route.

I wish I had time and space to describe the night I spent at Pont Guillamet, which will long remain in my memory, as one of the pleasantest recollections of my varied rambles; there was only the merest cabaret, in the way of an inn, but my pleasant driver took me to the farm-house of his brother, a perfect specimen of its kind, bearing a great resemblance to some of the curious old farm-houses in Cornwall. Here I tasted some most

delicious honey. My hostess took me to see the bee-hives, of which there were thirty, arranged in treble rows, in the midst of an inclosure, full of all kinds of sweet flowers, and backed by a row of beautiful lime trees. She told me that they sent their honey to be sold at Vannes, where they could always obtain a good price for it. This seemed to be the only produce they disposed of, and the money obtained from it supplied the very few wants that could not be satisfied at home.

My hostess further showed me her treasures of beautiful old point lace, some made up in caps, and the rest put by till the marriage of the daughters, two blooming lasses of twelve and fourteen years. I put many questions to her respecting their mode of life, and she was quite ready to satisfy my curiosity.

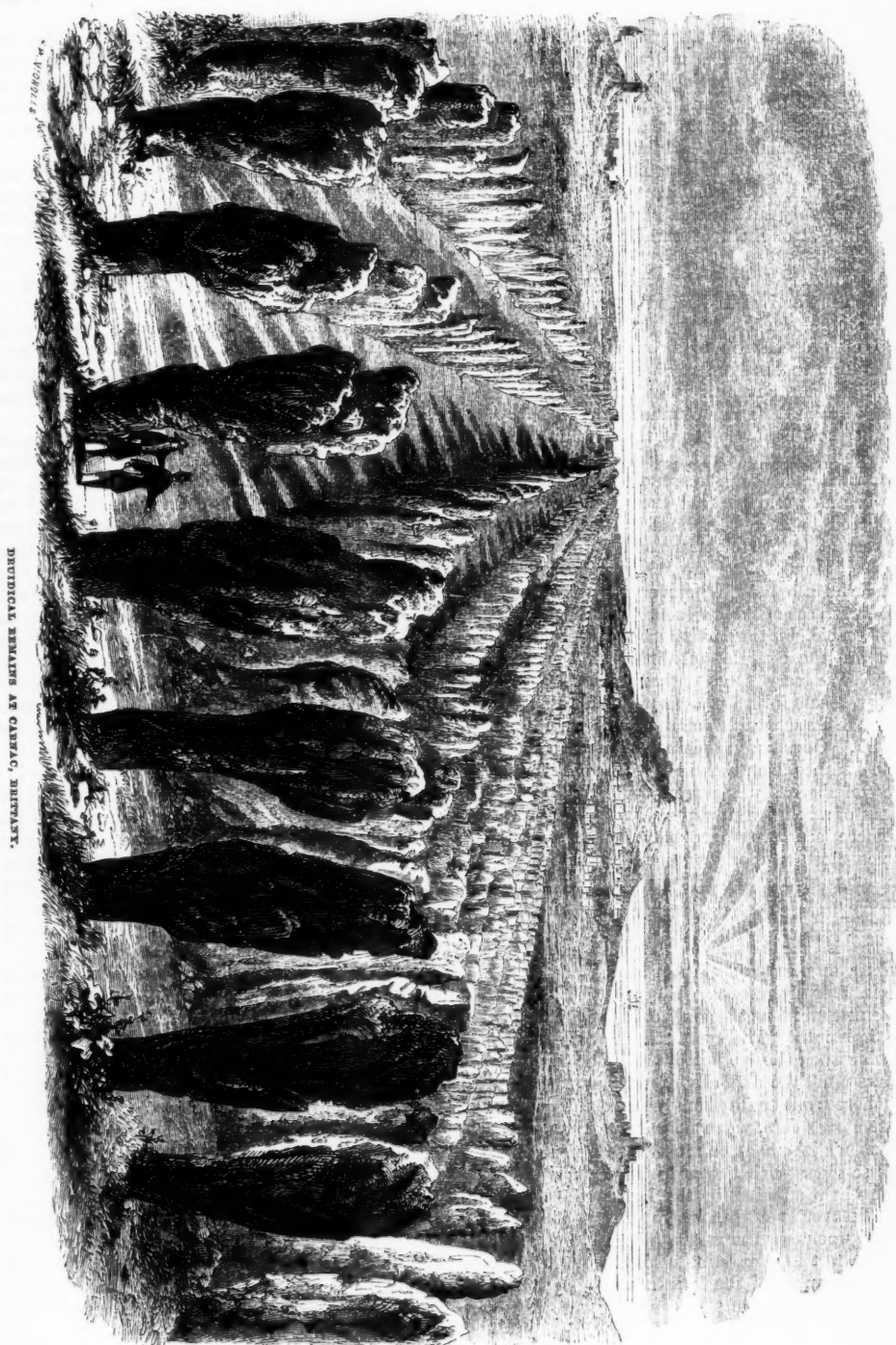
I was much amused on my route by meeting, now and then, women riding astride like men. This mode certainly does not suit the dress of females; but habit is everything, and the Breton women look quite comfortable in this attitude.

About a mile from my pleasant sleeping place there are some ruins, which possess special interest to the English; as in the castle of Elven, our Henry VII was shut up for many years, with his uncle, the Earl of Pembroke, by Francis II, the then Duke of Brittany. It was after the battle of Tewkesbury that, endeavouring to escape, they were driven by a storm on what proved a most ill-fated coast to them. On landing, they were seized, and kept languishing in captivity for fifteen years. This castle, however, has other claims to attention, being one of the most admirably preserved specimens of the fortresses of the middle ages in Brittany. Tradition tells us that it was built after the model of a Syrian castle.

The town of Vannes is situated at no considerable distance from the open sea. It is built at the extremity of a narrow creek, forming part of the Gulf of Morbihan. Vannes is distinguished, even in a greater degree than the other towns of Brittany I had visited, by that air of antiquity which is to me so interesting. The massive portals, the deeply projecting stories of the houses, the narrow streets, the sombre colouring, are all prominent features at Vannes; but, excepting this general attraction belonging to the place, there is not much to detain one there.

A very good diligence conveyed me from Vannes to Auray in twelve hours. This part of my journey was sufficiently interesting: but I had so many agreeable memories of the past, and such exciting anticipations of the future, to beguile the time, that it passed quickly away, and I found some amusement in watching, from my seat in the coupé, the changes of the horses, (some of them very handsome creatures,) and the odd proceedings of the conducteur, and in listening to the remarks of my two companions. One was an exceedingly pretty, gay French *soubrette*, (ladies' maid,) going to join some ladies at Auray, who had been delayed there by the illness of a former maid: her delight at meeting with an English lady, who could speak French, was very amusing to witness, and her questions, put with a pretty mixture of shyness





and gaiety, formed an agreeable diversion to our otherwise silent journey.

And now I was actually about to arrive at Carnac, the scene of such wondrous relics; whose presence there is so utterly incomprehensible, and to account for which, many theories have been started, without removing the difficulty of how it was possible for human labour alone to transport those gigantic stones to their present situation. These vast remains are attributed to the agency of the Druids, and it is singular that this barren country, where the inhabitants can with difficulty glean a scanty subsistence, should have been made the chief stronghold of the Druidical religion in France.

Fortunately for me, the wind was favourable, so that on my arrival I decided upon hiring a boat, and going down the Auray, (by far the pleasantest way of proceeding,) to Locmariaker, taking the precaution to send on a gig to Carnac, as a preparation for my return. The day after my arrival was a calm bright autumnal day, but not too bright; soft light clouds at times veiling the sun, and giving those varying shades so essential to the striking effect of the scene I was about to visit. My boatmen told me that the remains of a bridge, supposed to have been built by the Romans, may be seen at low water, near some ruins called Rosnaven. How curious are the remains left by that wonderful people! Wherever they once held possession, traces of their presence still exist, and seem ineffaceable, in the midst of the decay and ruin that are the final lot of almost all the works of man. We very soon entered the Morbihan, or *little sea*—an inland sea, very difficult to navigate, from the innumerable small islands which stud its waters. Our landing-place was at a small pier, a little distance from the village of Locmariaker; and once on shore, I was surrounded by the wonderful traces of a religion now passed away for ever.

There are two large barrows, or mounds of stones, close to the village, and numerous *menhir* (or long stones) in all directions. The most curious of these Celtic monuments is to be seen near Mont Hellu. Between that spot and the village is the largest *menhir* that exists. It is broken, as nearly all these remains are, and now lies in four fragments. When complete, it must have measured nearly six feet in height and sixty feet in length. The spectator gazes in speechless wonder upon these relics of the olden time, as he thinks of all the difficulty of moving such a mass in those rude ages from whence the placing of these stones date, when no machinery was known, and man's labour alone must have accomplished a task so gigantic that even in these days, aided by all the help afforded by the lights of science and the discoveries of human ingenuity, it would be looked upon as a Herculean undertaking. Another curious fact in connection with this singular stone is the evenness of the fractures. What force can have been great enough to have broken this huge mass in halves, (the breaking of each half is of a much later date,) and to have overthrown it from its original upright position? With some little difficulty it is possible to creep under some of

the broad circular stones, resting on smaller ones, and to examine the curious carvings on their lower surface; it is difficult to affix any meaning to them.

Locmariaker stands on a peninsula, which, with that of Khays, separate the Sea of Morbihan from the wild waves of the Atlantic. I could have lingered long on this singular spot, but, having still some distance to go to Carnac, I was obliged to hasten away. It is a two hours' walk, and as the sun shone with considerable force, I was not sorry when I caught sight of the village, its spires and its picturesque houses, glittering in the sun, with the sea stretching far away in the distance; whilst inland, as far as the eye could reach, was seen, a wild, blighted looking country, covered in all directions with marvellous ranges of grey columns.

These collections of enormous stones, some of them twelve feet high, and of immense breadth and depth, are called by the learned, *Dracontia*, (serpent temples,) and are supposed to have been constructed by the worshippers of the serpent and the sun. They are in eleven parallel rows, in one spot, being very large, and then for some distance decreasing in size, and again increasing by degrees.

We walked along this course, about a mile from one spot where the greater stones were collected, to another point, where some of the most curiously formed pillars stood. The country all around is wild and picturesque, and the sea adds much to the grandeur of the scene. The clouds, veiling the sun at times, threw some of the vast masses into shade, while others stood out in a brilliant light; and as the gorgeous colouring of sunset came on, nothing could be more enchanting than the effect. Many of the pillars glowed like burnished gold, while others, again, received the roseate hues shed around by the departing luminary.

My guide led me, just at that moment, to a spot at a little distance, from whence I had a fine view of the great mass of stones. They are placed in the midst of a wild heath, and when not illumined by the sun's glorious rays, are of a sombre grey; many of them are covered with long straggling moss, telling of the length of time they have occupied their present situation.

The eleven lines form ten broad avenues, with a semicircle of stones at one end; but there are now numerous gaps in the lines, as the peasants have availed themselves of the materials thus placed ready to their hands. Most of the buildings in the neighbourhood are constructed of these stones, but even now it is calculated that there are not less than 12,000 of them. They are all blocks of grey granite, which forms the substratum of the country.

Of course all kinds of curious legends abound in the neighbourhood to account for this wondrous assemblage. I will relate one, to show the extraordinary credulity of these people. "St. Cornelius being (in the days when a bitter persecution was raging against the Christians) hard pressed by an army of Pagans, fled to the sea shore, but finding no boat to further his escape, he uttered a prayer, which suddenly transformed his ruthless pursuers into stones." The appearance at a little distance

of the lines of granite I have mentioned gives the idea of a regiment of soldiers, and probably thus formed in the minds of these superstitious and ignorant peasants the legend I have related. As to the real origin of these masses, the most probable version seems to me that which states this widely extended area to have been a burial-place, formed on the site of some great battle. From whatever cause they may have been placed there, nothing can lessen the wonder, almost amounting to awe, which the sight is so calculated to inspire; and long after I had left Carnac far behind me, did my mind continue to dwell with interest on the recollection of the extraordinary scene.

As I quitted the spot I obtained one last view of Carnac, from the Tombelle of St. Michel, a cairn of loose stones to the east of the great mass of pillars. From this elevation I also obtained a fine prospect of the sea and the promontory of Quiberon; and then I turned away and took a lingering long farewell of a spot that will never be effaced from my memory.

As I rode home in the midst of a brilliant sunset, which cast its gorgeous rays on all around, my mind was flooded with visions no less enchanting. What strange thoughts crowded on me concerning those deluded worshippers, occupied in toiling all day to place these ponderous stones, in honour of the object of their worship! What admiration of the zeal, however mistaken, that led to such stupendous results! What dreams of the numerous bands of priests and their followers, gazing around on the very scene I was now beholding, unchanged in every respect. There was the same wild heath then around that vast temple, as now surrounded its gigantic ruins; and the ever-murmuring waves that then sounded their requiem over the departed, who there lay buried, were now murmuring an accompaniment to the voices of those who came to gaze at the tombs. But where were now the busy workers at this wondrous task? where the priests who directed their efforts? Their work remained, but they had all passed away from this earth, and together they await their final doom.

I must touch slightly on the conclusion of my tour, only noticing those things that possess real interest for the tourist. Reserving all description of Angers, I will come at once to Saumur, one of the most picturesque and beautifully situated towns on the Loire. The pinnacled turrets, church spires, and towers have a striking effect. The castle, standing on the top of a precipitous ridge, which rises immediately above the town, is also a fine object; and the view from its terraces, of the fertile country on the banks of the Loire, and the bright gay gardens that lie at the base of the walls, is as pretty a scene of the kind as eye can gaze upon.

Saumur was once the stronghold of the French Protestants, till the revocation of the Edict of Nantes destroyed its prosperity by their banishment. At not much more than a mile and a half from the town may be seen one of the most perfect Druidical remains in France; it is called the Dolmen of Bagneuse, and consists of fourteen huge stones, arranged in the form of a card-house, with

other vast blocks laid across to make the roof. It is fifty feet in length. There are four stones at each side, one at each end, and four for the roof; the largest stone is twenty-four feet long, and twenty-one feet broad, and nearly three feet in depth. There is no sand-stone (the stone of which these blocks are composed) in the neighbourhood, and in the district where it is found, it is very low down beneath the surface. Singular as this temple is, it wants to me the interest of the wild and remarkable scene at Carnac; for all the accessories, that add so much to the effect of the remains at Carnac, are wholly wanting here.

The whiteness of the houses at Saumur is very singular; it is caused by the wonderfully pure colour of the stone, which gives a singularly bright ornamental look to even the simplest buildings, heightened by the varied and luxuriant foliage of the acacia, lime, walnut, tulip tree, catalpa, and the Virginian creeper, then in all the glory of its brilliant red. The beautiful orchards, vineyards, and rich crops of varied sorts, give indeed to this country the aspect of a most luxuriant garden, so lavishly has the hand of Nature scattered her treasures over the land.

Not very far from Saumur, on the road to Tours, is the small bourg of Dampierre, where Margaret of Anjou finished a life of disappointed ambition and varied trial. Lewis XI bestowed upon her a house, where she ended her days; he also paid 50,000 crowns to Edward IV as her ransom, after her imprisonment, and subsequent to the battle of Tewkesbury.

Further on we pass the Abbey of Fontevrault, the burial-place of the kings of the Plantagenet line, the convent attached to which existed for nine centuries. I arrived at Tours late in the evening, so that it was not till the following morning that I was gratified by the sight of this very pretty and thoroughly French town. Of all the interesting sights that I saw during my stay at Tours and in the neighbourhood, I have already given an account elsewhere.\* I will only say, in conclusion, that in the excursion I have just described, there is not any one drawback to the complete enjoyment of seeing this peculiarly interesting country; the most delicate lady might do all that I did, without the slightest fatigue or hardship; and there is a charm in seeing places, and living amongst a people, which would seem to have stood still for centuries, in dress, manners, and customs. Their very superstitions are unchanged; and they seem admirably suited to the curiously antique dwellings, whether in town or country, in which they live. There is nothing the least like them to be seen anywhere else.

I have not described the many beautiful churches I visited during this tour, as they were not the immediate object I had in view. But I must observe that they have every claim to attention, and add greatly to the enjoyment of travelling through the very interesting country of Brittany.

\* See "Leisure Hour," Nos. 243, 244, 245.

## CORRECT LIKENESS! ONLY A SHILLING!

"ONLY a shilling, sir!—c'rect likeness, frame included!—done in one minute!"

We defy any pedestrian to walk leisurely between the breakfast hour and sunset, along any frequented thoroughfare in London, without having the above brief sentence drummed upon the tympanum of his ear in a charming variety of tone and accent. Now it is vociferously announced with the gusto of an inventor who has just discovered an extraordinary secret, and is driven forth by some irresistible impulse to shout his Eureka in the streets; anon it is breathed into your ear in a kind of confidential whisper, by a man with unctuous epidermis and a hooked nose, who holds in one hand a specimen, and with the other retains you by the button with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, and who, instead of saying "Done in one minute," says, "Dud id vod biddit;" and again it is bawled, like a costermonger's cry, in as matter-of-fact a way as though it were "taters three poun' tuppens."

Sometimes the tariff is even lower than a shilling. Your "c'rect likeness, frame included," is offered for sixpence; and in the galleries of art in Cowcross, Whitechapel, and Bethnal Green the figure is even halved again, and you may be done as low as threepence.

Surely the depths of popular vanity and self-esteem were never so profoundly fathomed as they have been and still are by the photographic plummet. All the world has its correct likeness now, from the "oldest inhabitant" to the babe in long clothes. Of the two and a half millions of faces in London, it is likely that the odd half million would outnumber those who have never sat to the photographer's camera: how many have sat twice, thrice, ten times over, is a question not likely to be answered. Our own Betty, who is forty if she is a day, has been "done for sixpence" five times within our cognizance, and one can but guess what may be the case with Betties twenty years younger.

The entire aspect of the shop-world of London has undergone a material change since Mr. Archer invented the collodion process. The photographers' "cards" (which is the technical name for their show-boards) occupy at this moment, it is our opinion, taking the metropolis throughout, about as much space as the placards of the bill-sticker, with this notable difference, that they are always placed in the sight level, and it is next to impossible to miss one of them. There is a universal "great exhibition" of portraits always open—portraits of the great uncelebrated, done in lead-colour; and meanwhile the "cards" of the miniature painters, which used to line both sides of the way from Charing Cross to Aldgate, and from the Edgware Road to Fleet Ditch, have disappeared. The time-honoured inscription, "In this style, one guinea," has given place to an inscription tantamount to the shilling temptation quoted above.

It is on record—at any rate we remember reading the tragedy in the "Times" newspaper—that one of the first miniature-painters who saw a pho-

tographic portrait, went home astounded, and incontinently hanged himself in his studio. The example was not generally followed by his brethren; they bided their time, and ultimately reaped the reward of their patience and fortitude: what threatened at first to prove their ruin and annihilation, has proved instead their safety and indefinite multiplication. They took to photography, learned the collodion process, and, producing heads by the hundred a week, found their account in it. At first it was only the popular miniature-painters—those whose exhibition gallery were the door-posts, and open entries of Oxford Street and the Strand—who did this; but gradually men of higher standing and greater pretensions began to do the same; some of them blended their old art with the new, but others abandoned the old altogether, and set about improving or developing the capabilities of the new. What is the case now? Go into the miniature-room of the Royal Academy, in this year of Grace '59, and see how many miniature painters exhibit, compared with the number who exhibited seven years ago. The fact that stares you in the face is just this: that photography has annihilated miniature-painting, with the exception of the very highest walk of that department of art. People will not pay a high price for anything short of first-rate excellence, while light-pictures are to be had, for a few guineas at the utmost, surpassing in fidelity all the efforts of the painter's art, and wanting only in colour.

It was the discovery of what are called positives on glass, and which made their appearance but a few years back, which created and fed the demand for popular photographs. There was a prejudice among skilled photographers against these productions, and they cried them down as unworthy of the profession; but they were faithful in point of likeness, they could be executed in two or three minutes, and consequently they were cheap. Cheapness carried the day; they were produced by millions, and at this moment there are ten thousand makers of faces by this ready and simple mode, for ten that set about the business with pallet and brushes. The masses of the people, that is, the lower, middle, and the working classes, are the chief patrons of this style of art; and it is where the masses most abound that its professors are most plentiful. Along those thronged lines of route leading from the city towards the suburbs, in any direction, the popular photographers select their stations. It is in these places that the worker swarms in his hours of leisure, during the long summer evenings and on the Sunday afternoons. Sunday, therefore, in London, we are sorry to say, is the cheap photographer's grand day. On that day it is not at all unusual with him to do as much work, and turn as much money, as during the other six days of the week: then it is that he engages an additional touter out of doors, and one or two additional assistants within. The touter penetrates the crowd, and picks up the servant girls, who can rarely resist his blandishments if they have a sixpence to spare. On a fine afternoon the traffic is furious; the rival touters canvass every passer-by, and unfortunate "subjects" are



fought for, and dragged this way and that, like so much disputed property. Then sometimes comes the policeman to settle the dispute, or, by walking off with the disputants, to refer it to the arbitrament of the magistrates on the Monday.

It is for the accommodation of the masses, too, that cheap photographs are taken by night. An American first introduced the night practice, by means of a peculiar light which he warranted as his own invention, but which rivals in trade were not slow to discover for themselves as soon as they witnessed its success. The night subjects are generally of a rough class, not much given to hypercriticism, or tender on the score of a blotch or two in background or drapery—which lenity is but a fair return for the convenience of being done cheap as dirt, up to eleven o'clock at night.

Who are all these thousands of cheap photographers? and what are their antecedents? The answer to this question, we opine, would embrace a large and various description of men, and women too. Some of them, as already hinted, are cidevant miniature-painters; a round number of them are tradesmen who have failed in business; by no means a few are Jews; numbers more are artisans, clerks, and supernumeraries, who, wanting in regular employments, have taken to the face-making trade in default of a better; others, again, are professional men unable to establish themselves in their professions, and others are foreign exiles. Among the women who practise the art, we know some who are widows with families, whom they thus support; and some who are journeymen's wives, who pursue it to eke out the unsatisfactory wages of their husbands. The truth is, that for the mere production of a positive picture on glass, the process is so easy that a child may master it, and the capital to be invested is so small, as to be within the reach of almost all ranks. Within a few minutes' walk of where we are now writing, there is a cobbler who supplements the labours of his lapstone by photographic experiments at sixpence a head; and a rag, bone, and grease collector, who not only does ditto, but, being an experimental philosopher, makes his own collodion.

Besides the multitude of practitioners in London, and all the large towns and cities of the empire, there are a considerable army of them who travel the country in all directions. There is not a market-town, village, or hamlet, even in the remotest recesses of Wales, that has not been visited by the face-making photographer, and paid tribute to his art. Those who first explored the country districts reaped a capital harvest. The process was so wonderful, and the effect was so extraordinary, that they could command their own price; some of them literally coined money, and where they expected but a few days' employment, got stuck fast for months in the high tide of fortune—a state of things, however, which did not last very long.

Another form of popular photography is that of the stereoscopic slides. These are now so cheap, that the stereoscope and a dozen slides may be bought for a few shillings. The demand for these is so immense as to support large establishments, and employ, it is said, nearly a million of capital. They

are exhibited by hundreds of thousands in the shop windows, and embrace an endless variety of every imaginable subject. Portraits are comparatively few among them; but we have the Reverend Mr. Spurgeon and wife in their domestic retirement, another reverend gentleman and wife in the same blissful circumstances, and a few other celebrities. We have groups and conversation pictures—ghost scenes, for which the stereoscope is remarkably adapted—public buildings, exteriors and interiors, cities, towns, street scenes, coast scenes, dead game, fruit pieces, and landscapes innumerable. All that is rare and picturesque in England, Wales, and Scotland is brought home to the stereoscopist; we have everything noteworthy and historical in Syria, Palestine, Turkey, and Egypt; and, if report is to be relied on, we shall have, before the present year is out, veritable transcripts of scenery from India and China. The labour and the capital expended in the production of slides is something startling. We could refer to a travelling trio of friends who set out last year on a summer trip with the camera, who came home in the autumn loaded with negatives, and sold them at once for £2000. The stereoscopic publisher can afford a good price for copyright, for he has the advantage over all other publishers—his plates cannot be pirated successfully; they never wear out, but will print on to the crack of doom, and he need not print a single impression more than he has demand for. This stereoscope slide printing, by the way, is a business by itself, intrusted to men who understand enough of photography, and it need not be much, to do it successfully—and for the present is tolerably lucrative. Then a prodigious number of the slides are coloured, which being done by hand, adds from thirty to sixty per cent. to their value. The colouring is done in good part by females; young ladies do not object to the employment, and we know several thus engaged, who find it an agreeable mode of earning money.

But if we are to look at the industrial side of the photographic art, we should know neither where to begin nor where to stop. The consumption of picture frames in London alone must be thousands daily; morocco cases, with gilded metal mats within, are hardly less numerous, which last article, we may notice in passing, has fallen by competition ninety per cent. in cost since the rise of photography. Then there are the paper flats for larger photographs—a new species of production, but in demand literally by the ton. Then what shall be said of the lenses, which the opticians cannot make fast enough, and which cost from two to a hundred guineas each; of the cameras, ever undergoing some new improvement; of the standing machinery; and, lastly, not least but greatest item of all, of the chemicals? Who shall say how much gold and silver is literally spirited away in photographic operations? One item we will set down, because we have it on undeniable authority. A single firm has consumed, within the last twelve months, no less than a ton's weight, at the cost of £7000 for the raw metal, of silver, for the manufacture of nitrate of silver for photographic purposes. The whole stock was demanded and con-

sumed as fast as it was manufactured. What must be the number of the pictures produced, supposing each to have required a single grain of the metal (and that would be a large average), to necessitate the consumption of a ton's weight of silver? And even the answer to this question would only give the pictorial results from the chemicals of a single manufacturing house.

Photography, they say, is as yet but in its infancy: truly, it is a strapping babe, with a tolerable appetite for many things, the precious metals among the rest. What it is doomed to be, when it comes to years of discretion, remains to be seen.

#### AMERICAN OYSTERS.

THESE, and ice and granite, are among the great natural products of America. In Virginia alone it is estimated there are 1,580,000 acres of oyster-beds on the sea-coast, harbours, bays, rivers, and creeks; and allowing *one-eighth of a bushel* to every square yard, there are at least 784,000,000 bushels of oysters in the natural beds of Virginia. The tonnage employed in carrying these shell-fish from their natural beds amounts to not less than 100,000 tons, and the quantity carried away annually approximates 30,000,000 bushels. From one hundred and fifty to two hundred vessels, mostly schooners, are employed in carrying oysters to New Haven alone, the cargoes consisting of from two thousand to six thousand bushels. They are then replanted; where they remain from spring to fall, when they are taken up, opened, put into kegs or cans, which are afterward packed in boxes containing ice, and having a capacity equal to from twelve to twenty gallons each, and then shipped to the West and the South. This branch of the business is engrossed by some twenty firms, of whom at least one sends off daily from one thousand to fifteen hundred gallons; and so remunerative is the business that we are informed one firm has cleared in four years from 75,000 dollars to 100,000 dollars. Failure in the oyster trade is rarely known, and when ordinary sagacity is exercised, moderate success at least may generally be predicted.

One branch of the trade, however, in which it is supposed a handsome profit could be realized, if properly managed, has not to my knowledge been attempted, and that is—the *exportation of oysters to Europe*. The London oyster, as most persons know, is remarkable only for its disagreeable, copery taste and high price. It is barely possible that, by long use of nauseous bivalves, the taste of our brethren of the “fast-anchored isle” may have become so perverted that at first they may reject our Absecoms and Maurice Coves as insipid; but the time will inevitably come when the American oyster will crown the board at the London coffee-houses, and the authors of future *Noctes Ambrosianæ* will improvise songs in its praise. By means of steamships, oysters can be conveyed to Europe more rapidly than to some portions of the West, at which they are now delivered; and the trade will in time, it is quite probable, amount to more than a million of dollars.—Freedley's “*Thousand Chances to make Money*.”

#### A JUNE DAY AT STUDELEY PARK.

OUR earliest impressions of Harrogate were derived from a draught of its sulphur waters, after they had been bottled, carried some three hundred miles, and kept half-corked for a few weeks. Their taste was then a sort of compound essence of nausea; and, inflicted as the draught had been as a punishment for a youthful offence, Harrogate, for many years, was associated in our minds with all that was repulsive and disgusting. Judge, then, of our altered feelings when, thirty years after the above occurrence, on repairing to the spot itself, we found that the place which had thus been vilified in our estimation, was one of the most agreeable of English watering-places; its air pure, bracing, and exhilarating; its hotels cheap and excellent to a degree;\* its company simple and sociable, and even its waters by no means so bad as boyish experience had found them—some being pleasant to the palate, and all of them more or less beneficial to the system. We were willing on the spot to sign a recantation of the hard things we had thought of the place; and now that the railways issue such cheap return tickets, we may confidently promise a London reader who wants bracing air for a fortnight, that he cannot do better than spend that period in High Harrogate, especially during the month of September.

Among the agreeable accompaniments of Harrogate are the numerous points for excursions which lie within an easy distance of it. Foremost in the list of these stands Studeley Park (containing the celebrated ruins of Fountains Abbey), situated some twelve miles from the Spa, and easily accessible by rail or car.

It was on a lovely June day, warm and yet the heat tempered by a deliciously cool breeze, that we started for the purpose of exploring this spot, having heard its praises sounded by all the old stagers of our hotel. A short ride by rail, and a dash by car, through the quiet town of Ripon, upon whose streets a more than usual quantity of the dulness incidental to market towns seems to have settled, brought us, after a pleasant drive, to a fine avenue of trees crowned by an obelisk. It was but a short turn from this to the gate of Studeley Park, which now opened to the view, with an artificial lake beside it, terraced in the old-fashioned style. A fee of one shilling we found was demanded for our entrance, and this, although at first sight scarcely in keeping with our notion of a nobleman's demesne, (as Studeley Park is,) we were eventually reconciled to by seeing the perfect order in which it enabled the grounds to be kept, and the ample facilities in the way of guides which it insured. A very civil young man waited upon us, and accommodated himself entirely to our wishes as to the rate of progress, allowing us to *do* the grounds in a leisurely way, instead of in that hot haste which too often marks the movements of guides in other places.

\* In Harrogate, all the hotels charge a uniform fixed rate for board and apartments, varying from seven shillings a day to a lower scale. In our hotel (the White Hart), the former was the charge, and everything was excellent. The plan is worthy of adoption in the metropolis.

Starting from the lake already noticed, the path winds among a series of the tallest pines and firs it was ever our lot to see. Between their openings we catch presently a glimpse of a little rising ground, diversified with timber, while at its base, decked with a fair miniature temple, is a sheet of ornamental water cut into beautiful forms, and gleaming in a setting of verdant turf, like some bright plate-glass mirror. As we advance, we pause at each step to admire the Titanic members of the forest that we pass, tasselled pine, silver beech, or spreading elm, and, lost in tranquil enjoyment, gradually wind our way up a hill to a small summer-house upon its brow. The doors of this apartment the guide throws open with a dramatic air, that announces something of importance as awaiting us. And indeed it is a beautiful sight. Before us lies a charming valley, the rising grounds on each side well wooded, and a fair stream broken with a tiny cascade stealing gently along beside the old abbey, which is now seen, for the first time, about a mile off, its fine remains toned harmoniously down, and its tall tower rising in the air as bravely as if it were an erection of yesterday, instead of having for centuries been encountering the battling tempest and beating rain.

Our path now turns to the abbey itself, by the side of the stream we have just named, on whose banks the monks in days of yore no doubt strolled to meditate on their breviary or to catch trout for the abbot's supper. We are reminded, as we listen to its gentle flow, of the different aspects of the abbey that have been reflected in its waters, and the latter seem with saddening emphasis to say,

"Man may come, and man may go,  
But we flow on for ever."

A little further on, and we are invited to quench our thirst at a fountain called Robin Hood's Well. As we are now in the county of that renowned freebooter, it seems quite possible (at least we are willing for the nonce to believe so) that he and Little John drank of its waters when they came to the abbey to get shrift from their father confessor for killing the king's deer. We cannot stop, however, to discuss the question, for a few steps further on, and we are abreast of Fountains Abbey itself.

It lies on some lower ground on the opposite bank of the stream, right under our feet, stretching into dimensions that show how important it must have been in its palmy days of yore. We shall descend to it presently by an adjoining pathway; but just as we are rubbing up our old quotations, and looking at

"A mighty window, hollow in the centre,"

from the stained glass of which the sunbeams once streamed like "rays from seraph's wings," and thinking of the old altar,

"Where the silenced quire  
Lie with their hallelujahs quenched like fire,"

we find ourselves in the position of Mr. Barham, when he paid a visit to the ruins of Netley Abbey, and heard inside of them, from a picnic party,

"The toot, toot, toot  
Of a vile demitute."

If we are to have music here, let us have an old musician in medieval costume, with sackbut or dulcimer after the antique. But here is a scarecrow figure, with a thin metal pipe on which he blows an unmellifluous blast, quite out of keeping with the scene, and dissipating as they rise all imaginative feelings and fancies.

Turning away from this modern minstrel, with his shrill pi-pi-pi sounding in our ears, we descend a sloping ground, and pass by the mill (still in tolerable preservation,) which formerly ground the tithe sheaves paid to the abbey, and an old yew tree of great antiquity, beneath whose branches, for probably a thousand years, different generations of the children of Adam have sat. This remnant of the past is no bad preparative for the abbey itself, the door of which we now approach, a "mighty window, hollow in the centre," yawning over the gateway, with its stone tracery still entire. Meanwhile, as the guide fumbles for the key, we have time to recall to fancy the different groups that in days gone by have stood at this very entrance. Some lordly baron with his retainers or his lady, bent on pilgrimage; palmer with staff from Holy Land; papal legate on his easy-going mule; peasant and burgess of a type long gone by; and friars of every order and colour. Now all are gone, and a band of cockney tourists make summer holiday at the spot! But the door at last is opened, exposing to our view the main body of the church; no organ resounding through the lofty and massive columns, no beautiful stonework climbing, in imitation of forest tree, the lofty roof. On the contrary, the roof itself is naught but the blue cerulean, and the pavement is replaced with a carpet of green grass, sufficient to give the cows of the adjacent rectory ample pasturage.

A feeling of strange silence pervades us as we wander down the deserted aisles; a silence still further heightened when we pace the adjoining crypt, so excellent in its preservation that we might almost expect to see the figure of some cowed brother flit across it. And so with all that remains. We wander from chapter-house to refectory, ascend the reading gallery, visit the kitchen with its wide chimney, and the dungeon where perhaps some poor Lollard pined: all is desolation. The young ash springs from the ruined wall, and gay wild flowers now wave where once perhaps costly hangings of arras adorned the guest-chamber. The great point of interest is our Lady's Chapel, where are the graves of some of the old abbots, their inscriptions running back some six hundred years. Ah! could but one of those sleepers rise, how would he stare at all the changes under the sun that have taken place since his day. A popular transatlantic writer has given us an amusing account of an imaginary conversation held by him with an old folio, in the library of St. Pauls, in which the manners of the past time were made to contrast strangely with modern usages. In like manner, a dreamer in the old abbey here might easily conjure up a similar colloquy with one of the monks. Could the abbot, for instance, with his tomb here marked 1245, but open his lips again, of what strange times would his tongue discourse.

It was during the long and useless reign of Henry III that he died; but doubtless he had lived in that of his predecessor John. Magna Charta and Runnymede must have formed the subject of discussion over the fire in the chapter-room, or the doings of our Lord the Pope, who in Henry's reign rode it roughshod over England, disgusting even ecclesiastics by his spoliation of benefices; or wild rumours in his day would come floating along about the Jews of Lincoln, who were in this reign plundered and trampled on for all sorts of imaginary crimes; or again, it might be that speculations were hazarded about the union that had just taken place between the kingdom of Cumberland and England; some O'Connell of the abbey, perhaps, prophesying all manner of disaster, and clamouring for "ripale."

Some years ago, when visiting the Tower of London, we were struck with the emphasis of a text of scripture that had been engraved in one of the apartments, by some prisoner confined there centuries before. All the other objects in the room spoke of the flight of time, consisting as they did of articles that had once been in fashion, but had now fallen into disuse. That text of scripture, however, spake to us with the same freshness that it possessed for him who read it on that wall centuries before. To-day we are reminded of this incident; for now, as we stand at the foot of the old abbey tower, and read the words carved on it by its builder, "Honor and Glory to God, for ever and ever. Amen," we seem to recognise at least one permanent truth amidst much that is fluctuating. All around us bears the mark of transitoriness, but these words are as interesting to us in the nineteenth century as they were in the thirteenth, when first inscribed on their mouldering ruins.

We are just concluding our examination of the place, when a band of choral singers, who have come to the abbey on a holiday, suddenly raise a chant in the grounds. The music, softened by distance, rises and swells melodiously, and induces a train of thought deliciously soothing and in keeping with the spot: still, solemnizing as the scene is, we cannot leave the abbey without feeling it is well that all this should be but a ruin. A few earnest men, it may be, groped here after the truth in much darkness; but, in the main, the building was devoted to a system erroneous and unscriptural. It is well, therefore, that the place is what it is—a ruin; and honest John Knox did not reason so badly after all, or so untruly to human nature, when he uttered his famous saying, "If you pull down the nest, the rooks will not return."

On going out into the open air, opposite the burial-ground of the abbey, we are introduced by our guide to a famous echo. It is not quite so good a one as that of which Paddy spoke, and which replied to his inquiry of "How do you do?" "Pretty well, I thank you;" still, it is not a bad one, and as a bystander of a poetic temperament cries out to the sleepers in the cemetery, "Sleep ye well?" the solitary word "Well!" that echoes back, sounds like an answer from the spirit land.

#### MODEL WORKMEN.

I THINK I could make it very plain that even for the present life piety is the truest policy and the best possession. I believe, for instance, that the pious apprentice, who is prayerful and painstaking, will become a more accomplished artisan than his more infidel neighbour, who has nothing but self-interest to stimulate, and nothing but his own cleverness to help him. And when that Christian apprentice becomes a journeyman, however bitter the world's prejudice against piety may be, I have no fear but that his Master in heaven will find for his servant employment on earth. The king of Babylon had no liking to Daniel's religion, but he could not rule his 127 provinces without Daniel's help. And the king of Egypt would have been glad to have Joseph's finance and Joseph's forethought, without Joseph's piety; but, as he could not get the one without the other, he put up with the piety for the sake of the skilful policy. And so, sooner or later, the Christian workman will make himself indispensable. If he won't do a job on Sunday, neither will he be tipsy or stupified with the previous day's debauch all Monday. If he will not tell a lie for his master, neither will he tell one to him; and surely that trade is bad where honesty is a bar to promotion. A real Christian is civil and obliging, whilst worldly men are apt to be saucy or sycophants by turns. A real Christian is a man of his word, a man who, though he should swear to his own hurt, changeth not; and he is a man whom you can count upon: and these are the men who are worth more than wages, and whom wise employers would be sorry to let away.

Esteeming very highly the place which you hold in society, I am sanguine also as to the improvement of which your condition and yourselves are capable. When I remember how many of the painters and poets, the engineers and the linguists of modern Europe once were shoemakers and tailors, weavers and cotton-spinners, carpenters and blacksmiths, there is no degree of intelligence and mental elevation to which the man of industry may not aspire. And when I remember the abundant reading and sterling orthodoxy, the mellow wisdom and patriarchal piety, which I have encountered in Christian workmen elsewhere, men of a lofty presence and noble bearing, from whose withering glance vice and profanity skulked away, there is no height of personal or domestic piety to which any industrious man who now hears me may not hope to attain.

I would be glad to show the better, because enduring benefits of true religion—its blessedness in sickness and old age, and at death, and in the world to come.

But I pray you to begin, and begin forthwith. We live in a world of change and of death. There is but one way to secure a blessed immortality, and it is also the way to ensure a happy existence here below. Be at peace with God, through Jesus Christ, and you will find that the gospel is the riches of the poor, and godliness the greatest gain of the working-man.—*Dr. James Hamilton.*